

SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

No. 19.]

Boston, Saturday, March 24, 1810.

[Vol. I.

INTRODUCTION.

"I AM myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us."

From the spirit of the above quotation our readers may judge of the intended complexion of this paper; it will be dictated by sentiments proud, revengeful, and ambitious; will consequently be ill-natured. We, therefore, advise all *good*-natured people to lay it aside at once, for in the greater part of it they will find nothing but slander, for the satirical rogue will tell you that "old men have grey beards."

N. B. Any lady or gentleman who shall on his or her honour declare that they have not read this number in consequence of the foregoing advice shall, on the following week, be entitled to two of a milder nature.

LONG STORIES.

LONG stories make short friends, and long treatises, as our publishers inform us make short tables of contents, and short tables of contents make short entries on our page of occasional purchasers. We shall, therefore, in this number, be briefly *lengthy* and *lengthily* brief. If, however, creatures should not be capable of comprehending us, we trust that they will impute temporary evanescences to the occasional *sublimations* of our mind to which we are frequently exposed from extraordinary ignitions in the chemical furnace.

BOSTON MIRROR.

WE had lately been much oppressed by the idea that our insignificance and poverty of wit had sunk us beneath the notice of the Boston

Mirror and its correspondents. But, on Saturday last, a revivifying flash burst upon us with all the meridian splendour of that Sun of Light. We felt the animating warmth; from it our cause receives new energies, our wit new inspiration.

Patronage recalls industry, and notice encourages exertion. Since we are again dignified by the attention of the Mirror, we should be guilty of the basest ingratitude were we to decline the *polite* invitation to a renewal of intercourse. We will, therefore, not only accept it with unfeigned willingness, but will continue it till it shall be again the pleasure of the Editor to dismiss us for speaking truth.

ST. JOHN.

"Awake my St. John, leave all meaner things

"To low ambition and the pride of kings."

MR. ALEXANDER POPE deserves and has our sincerest thanks for rousing our sleeping friend. If the American Bolingbroke, (for we cannot suppose that the writer under the signature of St. John, intended to designate himself as an *Evangelist*) had continued in his drowsy fit we should have been probably at a loss for subjects this week.

The *ghost*, at least, of opposition, "arm'd at all points exactly cap à pé," stalks on the last week's stage, and

"Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;

"Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell;

"Be thy intents wicked or charitable?

"Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape,

"That I will speak to thee."

Whether thou, St. John, appearest under the character of a new Bolingbroke and callest upon a new Pope to veil thy deformities, or whether disdaining the character of a bad angel, thou would'st wish to appear as a good one—we "in utrumque parati"—since we *must* be men of war, will prove that we can keep our decks clear, and be all times prepared for action.

It appeared to us when the Boston Mirror was first put into our hand, for to say the truth, had it not been *put* into our hand we should never have been amused by "St. John's Epistle," that the author of the letter "to the writer of a paper called Something," had been suddenly stirred up by the perusal of the two first lines of the *Essay on Man*.

And that so called by the spirit into glorious contest, he was "without any undue partiality," determined to awaken all his energy at once, to vindicate extravagance to man.

We readily acquit the author of any personal ill will towards us, because we *as* readily admit that he must have sense enough to know, that the more that is said about doctrines, whose base can only be hypothetical, the greater advantage we shall have; it is by silence only that they can gain ground, argument would easily refute them.

But the author informs us that he has in view, only, "the general interests of religion and morality."

Here then we are at issue, for these are our objects—excepting that the author has these general interests in *view*, while we only *hope* to promote them.—This, however, is consistent on both sides, for some pretend to *see* that nine tenths of the inhabitants of this globe must be damned, while we *hope* that all of them will be saved.

The author, then, very wisely observes, that we must be well aware that the major part of our readers are youth.—This we must agree to, because we know, that in families, children are generally more numerous than parents; we have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that parents put our paper into the hands of their children, because they think it will at least *not* hurt them.

The writer, in the next place, endeavours to involve us in perplexity, by asking us, if "it is probable that any salutary impression will be produced on their tender minds, by treating theological subjects with levity?" Had this question been stated fairly, had "religion" been placed in the stead of "theological subjects," we would devoutly have answered, no—but, as the question stands, we will, "with our accustomed freedom of remark" say, yes; and we not only feel ourselves justified, but bound in duty, to treat with all the satire, levity, and ridicule in our power *HERE*, the idea of any other being, as creator or governor of the universe, than the *One Lord God omnipotent*.

The author of this letter has next endeavoured to entrap us by a question, doubtless originating in the intrigue of *some* logical schools, by substituting the word religion instead of "theological subjects," and asks, "will they (youth) be likely to think reverently of that religion which can stoop to an alliance with ridicule?"

Without inquiring how any religion *could* stoop to an alliance with ridicule—we shall only say, that this question could not, with any propriety, be made to us—for we have never ridiculed *religion*; it is our true support; but we acknowledge only one God and one Saviour; these we shall ever, as we hope, adore and reverence—but as to the Bels, Dagon, Gogs, and Magogs, that fanciful theomakers chuse to introduce, we shall always think ourselves at liberty to treat them with the ridicule and contempt that Shadrach, Mesheck, and Abednego did the idol

which Nebuchadnezzar, the king, had set up; trusting in the same God for security in the fiery furnace.

"There is something sacred in every religion, whatever may be its peculiar principle, which speaks to every liberal mind, that it ought not to be sported with—I would not disturb a mussulman or even a pagan in his devotions."

We cordially agree with the author in the above, *apparently* liberal sentiments—but although we would not ourselves, "disturb a mussulman or even a pagan in his devotions" in their own countries, so long as we have any concern in the interests of the United States, we will endeavour to keep mahometanism or paganism from them.

The insinuation is uncandid which imputes to us an intention of ridiculing the religion of any man; much more so is the language which advocates the fact.—We may have smiled at the gew-gaw or sordid appurtenances in which religion may have occasionally been habited, and when we have seen the representative of our Saviour dressed up in the frippery of a French court dress, which we *have* seen, even at the ALTAR, and in the SACRISTIES; when we have seen him whom *we* believe the Son of God, personally characterised, as a petit-matre with his bag wig, chapeau de bras, and sword, and have heard the actor defiling the sacred character, say to his companion on the stage,

"Prens ton chapeau et ton épée,

"Et suive moi dans Galilée."

"Take your hat and sword, and follow me into Galilee,"

we confess that we have laughed at and lamented, not the religion itself, but the folly of the persons who could so disguise it; when, therefore, St. John, can prove that we have spoken of any religion "with disrespectful levity, in or out" of the hearing of its sincere believers (and we would as readily do the one as the other) he will be then, as now, most welcome to the sentiment expressed.

"Have you adopted the absurd opinion of Shaftsbury, that ridicule is the test of truth?"

This, to be sure, is a civil question, most politely urged—the *gentleman* first declares an opinion to be *absurd*, and then asks us, if we have adopted it—the reply is—silence.

"If ridicule has any weight it must be that of *authority*."

We never knew that ridicule *had* any weight; we have always considered its principal characteristic to be levity; our author's namesake (Bolingbroke) surely thought so. But we must admit that our present opposers are extremely charitable, for, from some cause or other, we

cannot discover why, they seem to think us so poorly supplied with wit, genius, and historical research, that on all occasions, when they discover our folly, they determine at once to make us wise in spite of ourselves, by the effusions of their *own* knowledge. This is a conduct of so liberal a nature, that we feel ourselves obliged to return the compliment whenever it may be in our power; and, therefore, if our antagonist really wishes to know what *effect* ridicule may have, we will, though pretending to no authority, inform him. It will operate like a brush on the coat of a man who has travelled through a dusty road, it will shew the company its real colour.

The author of the letter under contemplation, need not have troubled himself to say, that no personal allusion was intended, when he talked about shallow pretenders; we should not have taken it as referring to us, for we have not yet found in our "attempt to wield this instrument of ridicule," "one edge recoil upon ourselves." But he is welcome to all the illustration of principle his allusions to Sir Isaac Newton can afford him.

St. John proceeds,

"Prejudice has a very powerful and extensive influence; he must not wage open war against her who would disseminate truth, or eradicate error."

We confess that we know not to what sect this doctrine belongs, or whether or not it is attached to any.—But are the weapons of truth so feeble, that for the eradication of error they must not be employed in *open* war (and truth cannot descend to *secret* war) against prejudice? Let the Philistines produce their Goliath, and although we boast not the *AUTHORITY* derived from sword or shield, we will risk the combat in the name of the Lord God of Hosts.

CLERGYMEN AND ACTORS.

"The religious world, in general, have not the most favourable opinion of theatrical representations or of those who are employed in them.—It is unpardonably deficient in respect for the heroes of the sock and buskin."

As this passage is *unequivocally* intended to sting ourselves, but as we have not yet felt the sting, we shall be cool in our remarks, and apply only to history in our defence.

The writer, perhaps, was not aware, that the clergy were not only the first introducers of, but the first actors in theatrical representations in our mother country, and elsewhere; that they were the *original* "heroes of the sock and buskin," and certainly were not *then* unpardonably deficient in respect for—themselves.

The writer, (St. John) has also, perhaps, never been informed that many of our best tragedies have been written by clergymen—that Dr. Young employed his talents in this way, for the most charitable purposes, and effected them. That almost all our great men of the last century, were directly or indirectly concerned with the stage; that all our best Lexicographers were formerly actors, or intimately connected and concerned in theatrical representations. We need only at present mention Johnson, Sheridan, and Walker. Mr. Canning, the prime minister of England was, when young, particularly attached to, and excelled in theatrical exercises. Of Shakespeare, Milton, or other such trifling characters, it would be presumption to speak before this great hero of religious prejudice.

SOMERSETS.

St. John, with all the ingenuity of wit, the delicacy of allusion, and correctness of fact, which his brain, feeling, and knowledge could supply, continues thus:

“It will not, therefore, be likely to regard every one as an oracle, who can, as occasion may require, dexterously throw a somerset, from the stage into the pulpit.”

This, we naturally conclude, was intended as a witty and home thrust at *us*. But though ridicule may not be the test of truth, truth is the test of wit. Our theatrical knowledge, however, has taught us how to parry such thrusts. For, in the first place, we believe that somersets are not attached to theatrical pursuits, and when we have visited tumblers ourselves, we have generally seen them, after *throwing* their somersets, pretty firmly fixed, as we expect our antagonist will be before we have done with him—on the ground floor.

We will only stop one moment to ask St. John, if he knows how many gentlemen and learned men have been exalted (*we* cannot say “have thrown a somerset,” for such language would disgrace *us*) from the stage to the pulpit and the bar? If he is so little acquainted with history as to require information we will with the readiness of “an oracle,” give it to him whenever required.

“On the contrary, such a Protean exchange of profession would, to many pious people, render even serious truth suspicious.”

We trust that we shall not be accused of ridiculing religion if we laugh a while at this observation. If we did not at once perceive that the author was more a Proteus in his arguments than a man can possibly be in adopting one profession instead of another, we would dwell longer on the subject, but it is time for us to be brief. We will,

therefore, only ask our friend the old scholastic question, what is truth? and answer for him ourselves, for *he* cannot without bringing himself into a curious dilemma. We say, therefore, that truth is truth, and whether *we* joke or *he* dogmatizes, the one who speaks the truth, speaks truth.

The concluding part of St. John's letter contains incorrect representations too apparent to render any observations on our part necessary to refute them.

We conclude by assuring St. John that we feel ourselves highly indebted to him for the subject matter he has furnished us with, and that we shall at all times be ready to attend to him.

ACTORS.

"The religious world have not the most favourable opinion of theatrical representations or of those who are employed in them."

St. John, Boston Mirror, March 17, 1810.

And what then? admitting the fact, will that admission render theatrical representations, or those who are employed in them, physically bad. An opinion is, only an opinion, given *on* a particular subject; it changes not the nature of that subject; it is still what it is, think of it as you may—but opinions have weight with mankind, in proportion to the real or supposed knowledge of or acquaintance with the subject on which the opinion is given. Now it is well known that in Boston the clergy do not attend the theatre, (but *why* the most respectable body of men in the universe should be excluded from an establishment which has so powerful an influence on society, and of which their presence would undoubtedly improve the moral tendency, appears a little paradoxical;) however, they *absent* themselves; this being the case, they of course can know but little, if anything about it, and knowing little about it, their opinion can have but little weight in the great balance of public judgment, against that of those who *do* know much about it, and approve it. If a clergyman condemns us and tells us we have no right to judge on theological subjects because we are actors, and, of course, (as he thinks) can know nothing about them, it must follow on the same principle, that *that* clergyman has no right to judge of theatrical representations, of which (as we know) he must be ignorant in a greater degree, because *he* is not permitted to attend the theatre, and *we* are to attend the church.

However, as St. John seems to know little about actors we will give him a few outlines.

A company of performers is composed of men and women who have "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affection, passions—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as" other human beings, and who worship and adore the God of *all*.

Estimating the theatric professors as a *society*, the men exercise their domestic duties with propriety and decorum, their religious and moral duties with respect and reverence, and the eye of liberality would see in the virtuous females a far more extended merit than in those who are simply virtuous because they have no temptation or opportunity to be otherwise.

With confidence we affirm that there is no association more charitable, or who give from their small means a larger portion to the wretched, and with the same confidence we declare, that we believe there is in the general balance of good and evil a greater *proportion* of moral and efficient good in theatrical society than in any other we are acquainted with.—We are ready to enter the lists on this side, against any person who may chuse to throw down his gauntlet in defence of a superior claim elsewhere.

PARK STREET MEETING HOUSE.

We had the pleasure, for the first time, of attending this meeting house on Sunday last, and a sincere pleasure we experienced, for we witnessed in the delivery of the preacher, the exemplification of all the various, interesting, and sublime powers of oratory. A strong clear voice, capable of every modulation, from the thunder of denunciation to the softest tones of persuasive tenderness—an action at one moment commanding and impressive, at another, softening into the ornament of affection and endearment, composed part of the external accomplishments of this interesting preacher.

With these attractions were combined in frequent passages of the sermon, a sublimity of style, a suavity of sentiment, and a mildness in argument persuasive to perfection.—The reverend preacher, indeed, promised in his exordium, to address the reason of his congregation, and not their fears; and when we heard that impressive voice declare, that all human beings were in the hands of their Creator, that they ever had been so, that they ever would be so, and that it was not in the power of angels to take them out of his hands; we felt relieved from those fears with which we had been impressed by some theological *writings* we had lately perused, and were confirmed in our belief, that by

the mercy of that Creator, through the mediation of a blessed Saviour, and our own exertions in virtue and religious duties, the greater part of mankind might yet be saved.

THEATRE—FORTY THIEVES.

BEFORE we had visited this representation, we intended to have given to our readers a very particular account of it, because having heard of its very powerful attraction in London, and elsewhere, as well as in Boston, we expected that it would have furnished us with a variety of materials, on which we might have chatted with advantage; the language and construction of the piece having been represented as the effect of the joint efforts of Sheridan and Coleman.

The result of our judgment with regard to the compilation of the piece, is that Colman, probably in the moments of relaxation, was amusing himself with the Arabian Nights entertainments; that, having his eyes always open to theatrical effect, he saw that certain combinations of scenery, which the ground work of this story would permit to be introduced, would produce a whole so attractive as to secure remuneration to all for respective exertions.—Having sketched the contour, (this account is altogether hypothetical, though founded on some knowledge of both parties) and perhaps filled up some of its particular features, he presents his general plan to Sheridan.—Sheridan approves—hints—writes a little—genius is apt to be lazy, the Painters, however, have their work assigned to them,—the scenes are grand—they are exhibited privately,—approved—applauded.—Well, all is ready but the sentiments and dialogue—Oh, says Sheridan, the world is captivated by shew principally; yes, says Coleman, but that shew must be introduced to them by some kind of language that will lead them to the understanding of it.—Well—well—write any thing from the old story that will serve as a ligature to bind the scenes together.—Here, “John, bring me pen ink and paper.” Sheridan writes a few sentiments to suit John Bull. Colman introduces them as occasion may require, a rough sketch is handed—to be filled up at rehearsal—it is filled up by some one or other and the piece succeeds.—Why? not because Sheridan or Coleman took any pains about the dialogue but because the composer and the painter did their duty.—

We presume that both the author of the *School for Scandal* and of *John Bull* felt a little scrupulous of being considered as the compilers of this piece, till success wiped from their modest faces the blush for being concerned in Melo-Dramas.

The above are entirely and exclusively our own ideas, we vouch not for one article as fact, it is altogether—guess-work.

Be that however, as it may, we think that some how or other, the best Melo-Drama has been produced that the stage ever exhibited.

The performers on the Boston Theatre are not answerable for deficiencies in plot, although the plot might have been more explicitly evolved if some who are accustomed to say more, had on this occasion said *all* that had been set down for them ;—but with respect to the performance of this piece in general, take it for all in all, we fear we ne'er shall see its like again.

But, without extenuating the merits of the performers, we are compelled to say that we think the merit of the music and the scenery, and particularly the latter, constitute its chief attraction.

However, it is of little consequence how the medicine is compounded provided that the whole operate as an effectual remedy to the managers' complaints ; but, if the former acids of the season should prove now supersaturated with alkalis, let it be remembered, and we trust it will, that not only the labour but the skill and ingenuity of Mr. Worrall have contributed at least their share.

The particular morals of the piece are good ; illiberality is punish'd, kindness rewarded, and patience under injuries, and industry in poverty, receive at last their meed.—n Ishort the good triumphs over the bad genius.

CONVIVIAL CLUB.

NEMO NOBODY, ERQ.

SIR—I have been a patron of your paper ever since its commencement, and withal have contributed my feeble exertions to extend its circulation. I have read every number attentively, and till this time have been very patient, hoping to find in them something more *rational* and *solid* than what has yet appeared ; but I must now frankly confess I have never found any thing yet that exactly suits my *taste*.

Your theology, morality, literature, fine arts, poetry, theatricals, business letters and love letters, may all be well enough for those who understand or are concerned in them ; but I am no *dealer* in those *articles*. Some of them, to be sure, may interest the man of education and science, for whose society my *knowledge* does not qualify me ; and the others may serve very prettily to amuse a circle of ladies, for whose company my *accomplishments* render me equally unfit ; and for which likewise, I have no *relish*.

Although I am not a man of science, nor possess any knowledge of the fine arts ; yet I am a strong advocate for whatever tends to the *cultivation* and improvement of taste.

Now, sir, my *taste* is for the delicacies and luxuries of life ; or for whatever has a tendency to promote, what I call, the *enjoyments of life*. Of these, too, I flatter myself I possess a pretty *correct* taste ; but I am for improvement ; and having been informed that you had read much, travelled much, and seen much of the world (and you have yourself said it in one of your numbers) I predicted that you would, at least occasionally, offer something

palatable to us blades of the town, (I say us, because I have a number of comrades who are as clever fellows as ever *tossed off a glass*) instead of filling your paper with such pieces as please nobody but those sober scientific folks who know nothing about enjoying *real* life, or a few prattling females who meet to discuss subjects of fashions. I expected, sir, that you would have started some project, or pointed out some method for forming an association, or for instituting a society, founded either on a plan of your own, or on that of some one you might have become acquainted with in your extensive peregrination, which should serve still further to *refine* the taste, and to give some new and still more correct ideas of life.

Finding however, that you have altogether neglected to give any information on a subject so important to us bucks of *spirit*; from the circumstance, I presume, of your not having the honor of enjoying an acquaintance with any of us; or perhaps more especially occasioned by the "*remote degree*" of this your *external* sense from things savory and delicious, as you seemed to imply in your last number; I must now beg the privilege to make your paper the medium through which to make known the desire I have long had, that a society should be instituted for the promotion and participation of real friendship on rational principles. And as no one has taken precedence of myself in announcing a thing of the kind, I now communicate my design of having a society formed on the basis of *pure* friendship, for the purpose of cultivating the *social virtues*, and increasing and diffusing conviviality, hilarity and mirth. It shall be denominated the CONVIVIAL CLUB. Among the requisites which may be thought necessary to produce the end in view, that which shall best serve to "*moisten well the clay*," shall ever be considered a chief ingredient. 'Tis that which invigorates the body, enlivens the understanding, gives energy to the mind, and tone to the system; and that shall always be held indispensable. Whatever else may be thought to have a tendency to further the grand and laudable object (being of *minor* importance) will be left to the regulation of the society when formed. For myself, I shall ever contribute largely to the amusements and gratification of the society; and I confidently trust that no one will ever have cause to complain that the subject is *dry*, while I am present.

You will please, Mr. Nobody, to make public this my determination and sentiments, with a like public invitation to all *gentlemen* who feel disposed to encourage and become members of said society, to make their respective applications, through you, addressed to me, signed each in his proper name, making known his claims and qualifications to membership, and they shall receive due attention; six of which shall be selected and made, with myself, to constitute the society in the first instance, who shall have power to form a constitution for the government of the society, and to regulate the admission of other applicants. The plan to go into operation without delay, and the doings thereof from time to time to be promulgated.

You have now only the contour, or a sketch of what is contemplated ; but should you see fit to lend your editorial aid in bringing into operation so useful an institution, and should the design meet with such encouragement as may bear any proportion to its merit, you will be made acquainted in due season, with its progress.

Respectfully your friend,

Done in my Chamber of

CHAMPAIGNE.

Conviviality, March 20, 1810.

SQUIRE NEMO,

I AM told that you are a pretty good fellow, and though I never read your paper myself,—not having time, I suppose that others do—being very much engaged I can't write very handsome, therefore excuse me—I am, Squire, a man of business, but wishing to keep good company have lately taken board and lodging at what they call a genteel boarding house—Now Squire, although I am always punctual to a moment at dinner, yet after having taken my seat, which I always do the first, I am sometimes obliged to wait five or six minutes before I can get any thing to eat—One dish is here, another there, and some person or other seems always to take the command of each. Now Squire, the other day I, being very hungry and in a great hurry, got up and taking my own knife and fork which I had only used in helping me to taste a few things that were near me to see which I lik'd best, leaned gently over the shoulder of a gentleman who sat opposite to a fine turkey which appeared to be going very fast, and I had not had a bit on't, and began to help myself ; I had just got some nice pieces between my knife and fork, when suddenly the gentleman turned round, and in turning jogg'd me so that I let my turkey fall on his bosom. The gentleman was angry to be sure, and muttered something about politeness, which I did not understand ; but that was not the worst on't; for will you believe, me Squire, all the rest of the gentlemen declared that I should not eat a bit till they had done, and that then I should eat in the kitchen. Now, Squire, as I could not help myself, I was obliged to wait at least half an hour more before I could get my dinner—Now, as that was a great waste of time, I want to ask you, sir, if according to my ideas of convenience and gentility, it would not be better, instead of having so many separate dishes on a table which occasions so much unfair play, to have them all mashed up together in one long trough, and then no one would be obliged to wait for the other, but all might at once set to, and each might eat as fast as he pleased till he had got enough. This would save much time and trouble, and would be very well suited to the taste of many with whom I am acquainted as well as for myself.

Your's,

H.

COMMUNICATION.

"FORTY THIEVES."

"Who steals my *purse* steals *trash*."

THE public seem to be perfectly of the same opinion with Shakespeare, for they have, with much taste, exhibited a prodigal zeal to show their humble estimation of money, in their brilliant patronage of this unrivalled Persian drama. As the managers have sustained, with great reputation, a losing season, and have left unattempted no essay to interest the public opinion, it is a subject of high congratulation to the real and undeviating friends of the drama, that the amazing success of this most splendid romance, assisted by all the aids of painting, music, costume, and cabalistic agency, should, by one grand effort, redeem the entire misfortune of the year, and completely replenish the funds of the theatre. The piece may be safely performed for one month longer. We give joy to the managers. They deserve it.

CAUTION TO THE LADIES.

OUR fair readers, we presume, will not accuse us of stepping out of our sphere by manifesting at all times, a zealous solicitude for their welfare. And at this inclement season, when we repeatedly observe them in the streets so thinly clad, and with shoes which barely serve to separate their feet from the pavements, which are now so wet and muddy, we cannot forbear thus publicly to offer them a word of caution. We value the health and life of a fellow creature too highly to behold insensibly the unguarded exposure of either to the destructive and fatal effects of the chilling damps and rude winds of the month of March; and from motives of the most sincere friendship and good will, we urgently request all females not to walk the streets at this season of the year, without being perfectly secured against the ills to which they are liable.

R

THE PATH WAY.

HAVING been long an inhabitant of Boston, I have lately particularly remarked the inconvenience experienced in meeting passengers on the side way, and have thought that, if it could be made the fashion by a common consent to walk on the right hand side when passing either way, it would greatly contribute to the pleasure of a promenade whether on business or for the promotion of health. To the ladies, who are very much interested in the contemplated amendment, and in whose steps almost all walk, a hint only is necessary it is presumed, and gentlemen need only be reminded by their example. To the young and thoughtless

who give the elbow rather than accommodate a fellow passenger, and not seldom ladies, we would hope a general example of superiors would prove effectual, and that all classes would be convinced how much more convenient a walk would be if regulated by the common consent of all the inhabitants. It must be confessed that our side ways are narrow and too much incumbered with stone steps and huge dangerous cellar doors, though of these many have been removed and reduced latterly, but much remains to be done for the general welfare and convenience of the town.

The mite of

O.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

HIGH on a throne, not such as poets feign,
 In wealth outshining Orm or India's pride,
 But on a solid rock, whose base indeed
 Encircling clouds envelop'd, Nature sate.
 As wonder wrapt I gazed, she seem'd to sigh ;
 The balmy incense of her breath o'erspread
 The hallow'd vast; and as its fragrance warm'd
 The mists beneath, they, like the light blown snow
 Before the kiss of day, dissolv'd in tears ;
 When strait appear'd, in emblematic guise
 Adorning, not supporting, tho' in state
 So seeming, Nature's throne, four cherub shapes ;
 The one, with golden compasses appear'd,
 Describing limits to the mind's proud range,
 As saying, thus far, but no farther stretch ;
 Creation's emblem ; while, with eye avert,
 And bathed in pity's tears, a second shrunk
 From the wide horror of a deluged world.
 A third, whose beauty nought but heav'n could paint,
 Spread his expanding arms, inviting all
 To shelter, and partake his blessing grace.
 The fourth, whose mildness the resembling dove
 But faintly imitates, perpetual breath'd
 Th' inspiring odours of new risen day,
 Directing, strength'ning, and consoling all.
 But Nature sat supreme ; in her left hand
 She poised the emblem of this nether world,
 A globe ; and as her eye by turns survey'd
 The east and west, by turns she wept and smil'd ;
There rush'd the torrents, swell'd with human gore,
Here flow'd the calm stream of domestic peace.

Mean while, attendant Justice, on her right,
 Raised his red arm to strike; as oft in tone
 And attitude divine, mild Mercy strove
 T' avert th' impending blow, nor strove in vain.

While thus I gaz'd in anxious pain,
 A damp chill seiz'd on ev'ry vein;
 A creeping horror stealing came,
 And shook with fear my trembling frame
 My eyes were dizzied in amaze;
 Wander'd my unstedfast gaze;
 Weaken'd joints support refus'd,
 And all my senses were abus'd;
 A cloud of heavy darkness, straight
 Descending, press'd me with its weight;
 Of darkness horrible, 'twas such
 As then seem'd sensible to touch;
 And, as it falling reach'd the ground,
 I heard a hollow murmuring sound,
 As if the earth, by terror zon'd,
 Feeling unusual pressure, groan'd:
 The horrid silence-forcing gloom
 Threaten'd the last eternal doom:

No sight appear'd,
 No sound was heard;
 Around, all objects seem'd to cease to be:
 I fell, as sinking to eternity.

Sudden, as by the lightning's flash,
 Attended with the thunder's crash,
 Burst the vast concave with tremendous shock;
 In splendid purity, the hallow'd rock
 Effulgent beam'd; 'twas light,
 That from the heaven of height,
 Wing'd on a thought,
 Its swiftness caught:
 No gradual day was spread,
 Astounded darkness fled

At once; the mild infusion fill'd the whole,
 And bathed the world in one embalming soul.

'Twas the blest fiat of Almighty power,
 Effluence of essence, hallow'd Nature's hour.

Cheer'd by the glowing sight, I raised my eyes,
 New wonders flash'd, with wonders fresh surprise;
 The bow, that with COMBINING ray
 Gives mortals now the SNOW of day,

Disparted shew'd its various hue,
 From bright red fading into blue,
 Fill'd the cleft chasm with its varied blaze,
 And bent o'er Nature its encircling rays.

A distant roaring now was heard,
 As when, their waves by tempests rear'd,
 Indignant oceans lash imprisoning coasts;
 I look'd around, but oh, how chang'd;
 Myriads of human beings ranged,
 Spread o'er th' immense expanse their vast unnumber'd hosts.

Silence ensued—as oft on earth,
 Ere wond'rous horrors have their birth,
 Creation mute awaits the solemn scene;
 No sound was breath'd,
 No breath was heav'd,
 Expectant terror stamp'd on every mien,

Borne on a zephyr's lightest wing,
 A note like those which seraphs sing,
 In melody divine,
 Stole on the undisturbed ear;
 First softly sweet, then swelling clear,
 Approaching Nature's shrine.

And winding there its spiral round,
 It kindled each harmonic sound,
 Till on the enraptur'd air
 Burst the full chorus of the lay;
 Let Nature reign, let man obey,
 “Revere her mandates, and her blessings share.”

The list'ning myriads felt the cause their own,
 And bow'd submissively to Nature's throne.

(To be continued.)

FLATTERY.

Men's flattery women may receive,
 And pile, upon their shelves:
 The *danger's*, when they don't perceive
 They're flattering *themselves*.

Then let men flatter if they please,
 They but their folly prove:
 If woman suffers, her disease
 Is certainly self-love.